

The history

*Agam.* Why will he not vpon our faire request,  
Vntent his person, and share th'ayre with vs.

*Ulis.* Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely,  
He makes important posselt he is with greatnesse,  
And speakes not to himselfe but with a pride,  
That quarrels at selfe breath. Imagind worth,  
Holds in his bloud such swolne and hott discourse,  
That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,  
Kingdome *Achilles* in commotion rages,  
And batters downe himselfe. What should I say,  
He is so plagueie proud, that the death tokens of it,  
Crie no recouerie. *Agam.* Let *Ajax* go to him,  
Deare Lord, go you, and greete him in his tent,  
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be lead,  
At our request a litle from himselfe.

*Ulis.* O *Agamemnon* let it not be so,  
Weele consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,  
When they go from *Achilles*: shall the proud Lord  
That basts his arrogance with his owne seame,  
And neuer suffe's matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts, saue such as doth reuolue,  
And ruminare him-selfe: shall he be worshipt,  
Of that we hold an idoll more then hee,  
No: this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,  
Shall not so staule his palme nobly acquird,  
Nor by my will asubugate his merit,  
As amply liked as *Achilles* is, by going to *Achilles*,  
That were to enlard his fat already pride,  
And adde more coles to *Cancer* when he burnes,  
With entertaining great *Hiperion*,  
This Lord go to him, *Iupiter* forbid,  
And say in thunder *Achilles* go to him.

*Nest.* O this is well, he rubs the vaine of him.

*Diom.* And how his silence drinckes vp his applause,

*Aia.* If I go to him: with my armed fist ile push him ore the

*Agam.* O no, you shall not goe, (face.)

*Aia.* And he be proud with me, Ile phe's his pride,

Let me goe to him.

*Ulis.*

of *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

*Ulis.* Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrell.

*Ajax.* A paltry insolent fellow.

*Nest.* How he describes him selfe.

*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable.

*Ulis.* The *Rauen* chides blacknesse.

*Ajax.* Ile tell his humorous bloud.

*Agam.* Hee wilbe the phisition, that should bee the paci-  
ent. *Ajax.* And all men were of my minde.

*Ulis.* Wit would bee out of fashion.

*Ajax:* A should not beare it so, a should eate swords fust?  
shall pride carry it?

*Nest.* And two'od yow'd carry halfe.

*Ajax.* A would haue ten shares. I will kneade him, Ile  
make him supple, he's not yet through warme?

*Nest.* Force him with praiers, poure in, poure, his ambition  
is drie.

*Ulis.* My Lord you feed to much on this dislike.

*Nest.* Our noble generall do not do so?

*Diom.* You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

*Ulis.* Why tis this naming of him do's him harme,  
Here is a man but tis before his face, I wilbe silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you so?  
He is not emulous as *Achilles* is.

*Ulis.* Know the whole world hee is as valiant

*Ajax.* A hoarson dog that shall palter with vs thus, would  
he were a *Trojan*?

*Nest.* What a vice were it in *Ajax* now:

*Ulis.* If hee were proude.

*Diom.* Or couetous of praise.

*Ulis.* I or surly borne.

*Diom.* Or strange or selfe affected.

*Ulis.* Thank the heauens Lord, thou art of sweet composure  
Praise him that gat thee, shee that gaue thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature,

Thrice fam'd beyond all thy erudition:

But hee that disciplind thine armes to fight,

Let *Mars* diuide eternity in twaine,

And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour:

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